

LIBRARY
OF
CODEXES

THE LAST OF US

NAUGHTY DOG



The Last of Us

The Last of Us Collected Works by Library of Codexes

www.libraryofcodexes.com

© 2017 Library of Codexes

The Last of Us® and Naughty Dog® are all trademarks or registered trademarks of Naughty Dog in the United States and/or other countries. These terms and all related materials, logos, and images are copyright © Naughty Dog. This ebook is in no way associated with or endorsed by Naughty Dog®.

Enjoy our work?

Consider supporting Library of Codexes' mission to create an archive of easily accessible in-game text.

Learn more at:

<https://www.patreon.com/thelibrarian>

<https://ko-fi.com/libraryofcodexes>

Abandon Zone Note

Captain Mastros

Col. Mackenzie

Atlanta QZ

Sir -

Going on 14 months and this little revolution has turned into a blood bath. We've lost too many men, and frankly we're about to lose the entire Zone. If we stay any longer, we will all get lynched.

Awaiting your orders.

Captain Mastros

Applicant Checklist

Unknown

ALL CIVILIANS SEEKING RESIDENT STATUS MUST GO THROUGH THE FOLLOWING CHECKS:

DOCUMENTS CHECK

Confirm the applicant has a signed and approved FEDRA Application for QZ Transfer, and is within the stated commission window.

Military-Issued IDs should be examined closely, and cross checked with the central command database.

INFECTION SCAN

Scan all applicants. Any positive reading should result in immediate quarantine of the individual by ushering them to the Sick line. Use all necessary force.

NOTE: When separating families, it is important to keep everyone as calm as possible. Any applicants causing trouble should be escorted to Administration.

DECONTAMINATION

All refugees must go through the decontamination shower and be doused with anti-fungal spray.

A physical exam must then be conducted, with candidates' records updated to indicate their work ability.

SECURITY SCREENING

Only 1 (one) suitcase is permitted per applicant. Personal artifacts may be potential contaminants. If in doubt, incinerate the object.

Any and all contraband materials (lethal weapons, firearms, explosives, dangerous chemicals, illicit drugs) must be disposed of immediately.

No animals are allowed inside the zone. They must be released outside the checkpoint upon arrival.

ALL STEPS MUST BE ADHERED TO. DO NOT ALLOW ANY EXCEPTIONS.

Bill's Notes

Bombs Note

Group of runners triggered most of the bombs on the south side of town. It's time to do another pass. DON'T FORGET TO MARK THE MAP WITH ALL BOMB LOCATIONS!!

Fences Note

Need to remember to clear the infected by the fences. Third time this month that too many of them were stacking up against the fence, knocking that shit over. - CLEAR THE FENCES!

Hunters Note

I saw a group of hunters coming dangerously close to town. Luckily a pack of infected chased them off. - Reminder: put up more warning signs. Let them know you're serious.

Perimeter Note

Goddamn infected showing up much too close to the church safehouse. Looks like I'm going to need to do another round of clearing out the weak spots of the perimeter.

Pills Note

Reminder:

Collect more pills. See if I can scrounge up some extra ammo. I only have ~~four-five~~THREE! weeks until the next drop-off with Tess.

Boat Note

Ish

Well... It's looking like I've dodged the chaos and the mayhem long enough. My time out at sea is coming to an end. I'm short on supplies and this boat has seen better days. And you know what... This was bound to happen sooner or later. I guess it's time to go see what's left of mankind.

What could possibly go wrong, right?

If you happen to find my skeleton, please don't step on my skull. Thanks.

-Ish

Boy's Diary

Unknown

October 4

It's official, school is closed indefinitely. I guess this outbreak is good for something. No school = no homework, which is fine by me. Now what do I do with all this free time?

October 5

Mom and Dad were fighting. They were somehow yelling at each other while whispering at the same time. It sounded like Mom wants to leave - go to her sister's. Dad says it's safe here. That the outbreak won't reach our town.

October 6

Dad yelled at me for listening to the radio. He says that the news is bullshit. Mom agreed with him while putting on a brave face, but I can tell she's scared. They both look scared.

October 7

I think Dad felt bad about yesterday. Gadget was asleep in my bed and Dad didn't say anything about it. He came in, petted him, sighed, and walked out. I've never seen him like this.

October 10

Dad was consoling mom last night. Aunt Karen is dead... at least that's what I think I heard. When we sat for breakfast, everyone was all quiet, as if nothing happened. I played along.

October 15

Officer Jones stopped by and chatted with Dad. More like whispered with

Dad - lots of that going around these days. Afterwards Dad told us that we have to leave town. We have to go to a new home. That the military will protect us. I'm only allowed to bring one bag with me. Mom just sat there.

October 16

Where we're going, there are no pets allowed. We drove to the edge of town with Gadget. I took off his collar and let him go. On the drive back Dad kept talking about how he'll be fine. "He's meant to be free in the wild."

Whatever.

October 17

It's time. Dad says we'll be back before we know it...

I think he's full of it.

Combination Note

Unknown

PLEASE READ

The pharmacist went crazy, attacked me. I hit him pretty hard... I locked him in the American Princess store next door. Please get him help. The combination is:

35-30-3

Docks Note

Unknown

What the hell are we doing with this guy? I don't like how he orders us around. I don't like his stupid pony-tail. And I sure as shit don't like that he hasn't paid us yet. Not to mention that the people after him are some of the most dangerous in the city. What do you think's going to happen when they get wind of our involvement?

Downed Blackhawk Helicopter

Atrium Note

With supplies running low, Private Eugene Ellis and I entered the loading dock in hopes of procuring additional rations. We were caught off guard when a group of roughly half a dozen Stage 2s attacked us.

We neutralised the threat but not before Ellis was bitten.

After a long heated debate - where Private Ellis tried taking his own life - I incapacitated him. I then took it upon myself to break protocol. I isolated the infection with a tourniquet. I gathered and cleaned a surgical saw from the abandoned triage. I injected Private Ellis with morphine before amputating his arm several inches above the bite.

I'm confident that once the private regains consciousness he'll be clear of the Cordyceps Infection.

Captain Regen Francis

Atrium Recorder

Well Ellis? I found a couple recorders. Maybe we can, you know, document this whole thing. It gives me an excuse to talk, even if it is to myself.

You hit me pretty hard the other night. Not gonna lie, that shit still stings. I was trying to feed you. You actually accused me of stealing your food. You got any idea how hungry I am? I mean, I know it's the fever talking, but...

I left you, you know? Hell, I even managed to get a good ten miles out before turning back around. It's like you say. We sleep together, we eat together, we shit together. This unit is a family, so no, no. I'm not going anywhere.

God, just let him pull through. This thing is stupid.

Generator Note

Private Ellis has taken a turn for the worse. He's burning up and he couldn't keep any of his food down. Maybe I made a mistake... maybe the amputation was too late. Maybe when I'm not watching, he'll turn and...

The Infection Protocol. We did what we had to do to Officer Caulfield. We...

Who the hell am I kidding. We murdered Larry. Ellis held him down while I shot him like a fucking dog. I can't get his screams out of my head.

"Regan, Please!" "I still have time." "Don't do this!"

Ellis, what have we done?

What if I just leave? What if I just make a run for it?

I'm sorry, Ellis.

-Regan

Salon Note

Chief Warrant Officer Larry Caulfield died bravely this afternoon.

We were flying back to the QZ when our patient turned. It must've been spores because none of us saw the bite. The patient broke the restraints and fell upon pilot -> WO Sean Brendon.

Even with the helicopter spinning out of control, Officer Caulfield fought the infected patient, saving our lives, we crashed into a rural Colorado mall. Private Eugene Ellis, Officer Larry Caulfield and I were the only survivors.

in subduing the infected, Officer Caulfield was bitten on the neck. He immediately showed us the bite and accepted his fate. I executed the Infection Protocol before Officer Caulfield could turn an Infected.

May he rest in peace.

Captain Regen

4th Infantry Division

Denver QZ

Duct Recorder

Eugene Ellis

Oh, it's fucking freezing in here. Uh, I'm the last surviving member of my crew, and I'm gonna die in an air duct. Regen, what did you expect me to do? I was bitten, and it was only a matter of time before she killed me, even though I wasn't infected. She said she wasn't going to, but I could see through her eyes. Why else would she reach for her gun? Why the fuck did she reach for her gun? I was just talking to her. If she wasn't lying, I wouldn't have to hit...

She would've shot me. I'm sure of it. Then why'd she keep you alive all this time, Ellis? Huh? It doesn't matter. I shot her. I ran away. I fought and escaped those fucking things, and in the process... the sutures on my god damn stump ripped open.

I'm bleeding to death, and I can't sew it back up. Not with one arm. I can't make the fucking knot. Regen. So cold. Think I'll just rest.

Drafting Notice

General of the Boston Quarantine Zone

NOTICE

THE CIVILIAN SERVICE SYSTEM

The General of the Boston Quarantine Zone.

To [FUCK THIS!]

GREETING:

As an able-bodied civilian, you are hereby
issued work orders to participate in various
duties relating to care of the Quarantine Zone.

Please report promptly to MAIN OFFICE,
CHARLES BRIDGE on December 15 and 6:30AM
for forwarding to an Armed Forced Management
Station.

Willful failure to appear at the place and hour of
the day named in this Order subjects the violator
to ration restriction and possible loss of zone
residency. Bring your Order with you when you
report.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

(Read Carefully)

IF YOU HAVE PARTICIPATED IN WORK DUTIES IN THE PAST 6 MONTHS, BRING EVIDENCE WITH YOU AND SERVICE WILL BE POSTPONED. IF YOU HAVE ANY PHYSICAL OR MENTAL CONDITION WHICH, IN YOUR OPINION, MAY DISQUALIFY YOU FOR SERVICE, BRING A PHYSICIAN'S CERTIFICATE DESCRIBING THAT CONDITION.

Evacuation Leaflet

Unknown

WARNING

THE AREA IMMEDIATELY OUTSIDE THE BOSTON QUARANTINE ZONE WILL BE SUBJECTED TO SATURATION BOMBING IN THE NEXT 48 HOURS TO ELIMINATE ANY THREAT OF INFECTED

All residents of this area have until 48 hours from this notice's posting to evacuate the Boston city limits. No one will be allowed into the Quarantine Zone, we are not accepting new residents at this time.

THERE WILL BE NO FURTHER WARNINGS. FOR YOUR OWN SAFETY YOU MUST CLEAR THE AREA

Father's Note

Unknown

Kara,

You're the adult while I'm gone. Take care of your brother, he's looking to you for protection now. I won't be gone for more than a few days to gather food and supplies. If for some reason I haven't returned after a week, take your brother and head to the Pittsburgh Quarantine Zone.

Don't open the door to anyone but me. Save your bullets. If you have to leave, stay low and move quickly. Use your size to your advantage.

I'll see you soon.

—Dad

Field Ops Log

Private Atwater

M-254e FIELD OPERATIONS LOG

Date of Action: 7/2033

O.I.C: Waters

Area of Operations:

18:08 Arrived Grid 2438A. Negative Contact at LZ. Moving patrol west towards city center.

21:00 Negative Contact

22:18 Negative Fucking Contact

23:12 Pvt. Atwater reports visual/sound contact Stage-2 Cordyceps infected near collapsed office building. Moving to investigate.

23:40 Multiple infected contacts. Pvts Atwater, Shah, Coolidge KIA

(Scrawled) OVERRUN FELL BACK TO BUILDING INTERIOR—
AWAITING EVAC

Final Attack Note

Unknown

We got them on the run. Most of their forces have retreated to Liberty Avenue. Come midnight we strike. Gather every able body and arm them. If you can stand then you can fight! Anyone that refuses to fight with us will be banished. Anyone that supports the army will be made an example of. Tonight we put an end to this tyranny and start a new life for ourselves.

Fireflies Note

Unknown

We don't need the Fireflies. Sure, they might've started the fight, but we're the ones that have done all the work. It's our blood in the streets. I don't agree with them wanting to take the fight to other cities. They need to earn their independence on their own. And I DEFINITELY won't take orders from some Firefly leader all the way on the other side of the country. Before the fighting ends I suggest we rid ourselves of them. This is our city. Our people. I don't see why we can't rule ourselves.

Firefly Map

Unknown

Meet up with second Firefly team at Capitol Building

GIRL:

5'3" (?)

14 years old

Red hair

Firefly Orders

Unknown

ORDERS: Patrol the rendezvous area. Ensure no military presence before moving the girl to the next safehouse

[Make sure the girl is well fed and in good health. Her safety is of the utmost importance.]

Firefly's Recorder

Unknown

“If you’re looking for the Fireflies, they’ve all left. I’m dead. Or I will be soon. Got time to reflect. I dedicated my life to this cause and now I won’t get to see whether we make it or not. I joined the Fireflies shortly after the Outbreak. Here was a group willing to do whatever it takes to save us from this plague when the government was willing to retreat to ghettos.

“I couldn’t just give up on our country. Give up on humanity. God that sounds trite. Anyway... There have been years that felt like we were onto something... like we might eradicate this thing. Those were usually followed by years of utter despair. Like this entire fucking thing was a goddamn waste of time. It feels like the past few years were more of the latter. We haven’t had a breakthrough since the passive vaccine test we ran... \swat? ...Five years ago?

“Now this entire lab has been compromised and the higher ups have decided to abandon the University. I’m just fucking tired... \sI can’t do this anymore. I’m not gonna do this anymore. If you made it here looking for the others, they’ve all returned to Saint Mary’s Hospital in Salt Lake City. You’ll find them there. Still trying to save the world. Good luck with that.”

Ish's Group

Sewers Note

Ish

I'm gone for a few months and the world doesn't waste any time going to shit. Everywhere you turn there're infected—and non-infected—trying to kill you. Mankind is back to the food chain, baby! I'm kind of shocked I've survived this long.

These sewers seem pretty safe. Unlimited exits/entrances make it easier to defend, and if anyone gets in here, I can lose them in the maze.

I might not be tough, but I am quick. Maybe I just need to bide my time down here until it all gets sorted up there. I think I'll become a sewer mole-man for a while.

Wish me luck.

—Ish

Trading Note

Ish

Yesterday I met with some people who did not want to shoot me on sight. Shocking, I know. We traded some supplies and went on our merry way.

They had kids with them and they seemed pretty scared. I almost told them about this place.

What if they're like the others? What if...

You know what? I don't care. What's the point of surviving if you don't have

someone to laugh at your lame jokes?

Tomorrow, I'm going to search for them. See if they want to join me in here.

—Ish

Rain Catcher Note

Ish

Hey Susan,

I just wanted to drop you a quick line and say these rain-catchers were a great idea. Super smart to gather water without leaving the place.

I hope you don't mind, but I gave the kids a couple of water guns. So of course... I've been drenched all day.

If you don't want them to have it, let me know and I'll take them back.

See you at dinner tonight. Fair warning though—Kyle is making his special “meatloaf” again.

—Ish

Survivors Note

Ish

One open door. That's all it took. One of us forgot to close a door and a horde of those monsters entered our camp. We shut them in there and wrote a warning on the outside.

Susan and a couple of the kids are with me. As far as I know, we're the only survivors. I had to hold Susan so she wouldn't run back in there—go back for the bodies. It's just too dangerous.

She lost her children, and I have no clue what to say to her.

Every part of my being just wants to give up. It'd be so easy to surrender to this world. I can't do that, though. I have too much faith in humanity.

I've seen that we're still capable of good. We can make it. I have to stay strong... For her.

—Ish

Looting Note

Kyle

Another night, another shooting. I could see the muzzel [sic] flashes coming from the Carsons' windows. I stayed up the entire night with the whole family in one room. I doubt anybody got any sleep. It's only a matter of time before the looters try to break into our house. We have to get out of here.

That skinny man approached us again. He traded more of his bullets for some of our food. He offered us to join him in his hideout. He says it's secure and more importantly hidden. Easily defendable is how he described it. He said that the only reason he trusts me is because I have kids. I don't think we can stay here anymore. He seems like a trustworthy guy. I'm going to suggest to everyone tomorrow that we take him up on his offer.

—Kyle

Kid's Drawing

Unknown

Danny, Ish

Our protectors

[Accompanied with a drawing of two armed men.]

Cornered Note

Kyle

We're trapped. I think everyone else is dead. Some of the little ones are with me. I got infected pounding at the door. I don't know how long we'll hold out. If Ish and the others are alive, maybe they can reach us. They have to reach us.

If it comes down to it I'll make it quick.

—Kyle

Kitchen Note

Sergeant Winston Asher

Thursday

I'm such an asshole. The other day I got back early from my patrol and there's little Ellie, sitting next to my damn tent, petting my horse, all while crying her eyes out. So what do I do? I take off before she notices me. I mean—what the hell would I say to her?

“Hey Winston.”

“Hi Ellie. Can you please stop crying? It's upsetting me. Thanks.”

Yeah, that would've gone over well.

She's always so cheery with her endless questions you'd have no idea she's so sad inside. She wears that mask well.

I'm such an asshole.

Lab Recorder

Unknown

That's four pallets of lab equipment all packed up and ready to go. Now - big question is what do we do with all you guys. They say the tainted batch needs to be put down. You know what I say? I say screw that. Who made a bigger sacrifice than you, right? If anyone deserves to run free out there it's—Hey, easy. Agh... Shit. Oh no. It bit me. Oh my god...

Lost Hill Note

Unknown

We lost Troy Hill to the most ragtag pieces of maggot shit ever to carry a gun. Bastards are cunning, though. They stole one of our mortar launchers. We didn't stand a chance.

With this and the Strip District in their pocket, they now control the whole river. Made for a difficult retreat, there's barely half our squad left.

I just pray to God that Jeremy and Pam are still alive. They got stranded on the other side of the river.

Marlene's Journal

Marlene

March 15

We've finally crossed the Utah border. In a couple of days we'll be back with the others.

Today the crew was in much better spirits. I've been worried about their morale since Greg and Tania's passing last week. It's good to hear them laughing again. Robin came up to me and said, "Thanks for watching over us, Marlene." It was a small gesture, but I needed it.

March 23

Ellie never made it.

We arrived at the hospital. There was much celebration, at least from the others. I guess they're happy to see their old friends. We haven't seen some of these guys in over ten years.

After they told me the news, I couldn't eat. I couldn't talk to anyone.

I should be grateful to just be alive, but right now I just want to shut my eyes for a bit.

March 24

They look at me and I know what they're thinking - that we're a bunch of incompetent grunts. What was I supposed to do? I thought I was going to die... my men were being hunted by the entire Boston battalion. I had to get her out of the city. How was I supposed to know the Firefly escorts were already dead?

Goddamn it...

I panicked. In the end I healed pretty damn quickly, and my men were more capable than I gave them credit for. More than a handful survived the army's attack. I should've kept her with me, instead I handed her off to a couple of smugglers.

I failed you, Anna. I failed all of us.

I am an incompetent grunt.

April 25

I can't stand talking to any of them. I don't think I can take the stares any longer. No way I can stay here.

April 28

One of our scouts just radioed in. He spotted an older man and a young girl entering the tunnel by the bus terminal. He thinks she might've had red hair, but he's not sure. What if it's her? Stop doing this, Marlene!

The recon squad is about to head out. I'm going to join them.

April 28

When you're lost in the darkness, look for the light.

She's alive. They're running the tests on her now.

I can't tell if I'm excited, scared, or just nervous. All I know is my hands won't stop shaking.

Marlene's Recorder 1

Marlene

It's 5:30PM on... April 28th. I just finished speaking... More like yelling at our head surgeon. Apparently there's no way to extricate the parasite without eliminating the host. Fancy way of saying we gotta kill the fucking kid . And now they're asking for my go ahead. The tests just keep getting harder and harder, don't they? I'm so tired. I'm exhausted and I just want this to end... So be it.

Marlene's Recorder 2

Marlene

Hey Anna... It's been awhile since we spoke. I uh... I just gave the go ahead to proceed with the surgery. I really doubt I had much of a choice, asking me was more of a formality. I need you to know that I've kept my promise all these years... despite everything that I was in charge of, I looked after her. I would've done anything for her, and at times...

Here's a chance to save us... all of us. This is what we were after... what you were after. They asked me to kill the smuggler. I'm not about to kill the one man in this facility that might understand the weight of this choice. Maybe he can forgive me. Oh, I miss you, Anna. Your daughter will be with you soon.

Meat Ledger

Unknown

3/23 494 lbs

4/10 1233 lbs

5/8 4700 lbs

6/18 5140 lbs [BIG HAUL!]

9/29 1630 lbs

10/2 307 lbs

11/5 612 lbs

1/4 704 lbs

3/5 3409 lbs [That's more like it.]

4/27 2817 lbs

5/30 4248 lbs

6/9 1930 lbs

7/26 1506 lbs

8/5 908 lbs

9/23 240 lbs [We have to do better...]

10/12 305 lbs

Medical Pamphlet

Center for Disease Control

CBI: SAFETY PAMPHLET

The Center for Disease Control has produced this pamphlet on Cordyceps Brain Infection (CBI) to increase awareness and prevention of infection.

BACKGROUND

The Cordyceps mushroom is a parasitic fungi that can take over a host's mind and alter its behavior. Until recently it has only affected insects and some arthropods. A new species has emerged with the ability to target human hosts.

TRANSMISSION

The two known ways to contract CBI are:

Breathing the spores emitted by the Cordyceps.

Contact with bodily fluids of a person infected with CBI, usually by being bitten.

INCUBATION

After initial infection, the parasite travels to the host's brain over a period of one to two days.

The incubation concludes when the Cordyceps has taken over all major bodily functions of the host (Stage One CBI).

SYMPTOMS

Stage One CBI patients display erratic and violent behavior, lashing out at anyone around them.

Eventually the fungus pushes through the host's tissue to allow for the release of airborne spores.

TREATMENT

There is no vaccine for CBI, nor any known treatment to lengthen the incubation period.

DIAGNOSIS

CBI can be diagnosed using a blood or microscopic imaging test (usually administered against the ear). Within minutes of contraction, the results of this test will come out positive.

Military Pamphlet

Unknown

STAGES OF INFECTION

Stage 1 [RUNNER—DO NOT LET THEM SWARM
YOU!]

Cordyceps has taken over the victim's motor functions. Fast and agile, Stage 1 infected usually travel in packs. Do not let them swarm you.

Stage 2 [STALKER]

...hide and ambush victims... check your surroundings.

Stage 3 [CLICKER—CAN'T SEE]

Completely blind, acute hearing, use echolocation to seek out prey. Keep your distance!

Stage 3 infected are known for their ferocious attacks and are extremely lethal.

Stage 4 [BL?????]

Mob Attack Note

Unknown

Oct 10th

I just watched a mob douse Capt. Mastros and the rest of my team in gasoline and burn them alive. The animals were actually celebrating. Some old fucker complained it was a waste of gasoline.

There were too many of them. All I could do was slip away. But I'll remember all their faces. Gonna hunt each one of them down if I have to.

Mother's Letter

Eva

My son... my little boy... I buried him today.

What did he do? Join a protest? And now they're labeling him a traitor. Fine. I'll show them what a traitor does. I've joined them, the rebels, the rioters. They gave me a gun, some bullets, and a mission. I won't survive this, but neither will they.

How many other fathers and mothers like me are out there? It's only a matter of time before the city falls. Let's go knock out the first brick.

-Eva

Newspaper Clipping

Lev Benioff

U.S. MILITARY RECALLS SEARCH EFFORT

By Lev Benioff

Field Writer

With the latest WHO report estimating that as much as 60% of the world's population is either dead or infected by the CBI pandemic, the United States Military has released a statement that they're recalling all of their search efforts. Regions up to 10 miles from each quarantine zone's perimeter will remain under patrol for citizens attempting to enter, but no further effort will be made to evacuate those potentially trapped in hard-to-reach areas.

Attorney General Arthur Munroe made this clear in a letter...

[Found this in town. WTF? No one's coming!!!]

Note from Frank

Frank

Well, Bill, I doubt you'd ever find this note cause you were too scared to ever make it to this part of town. But if for some reason you did, I want you to know I hated your guts. I grew tired of this shitty town and your set-in-your-ways attitude. I wanted more from life than this and you could never get that.

And that stupid battery you kept moaning about—I got it. But I guess you were right. Trying to leave this town will kill me. Still better than spending another day with you. Good Luck, Frank

Note from Mom

Anna

Ellie,

I'm going to share a secret with you, I'm not a big fan of kids and I hate babies. And yet... I'm staring at you and I'm just awestruck.

You're not even a day old and holding you is the most incredible thing I've done in my life - a life that is about to get cut a little short.

Marlene will look after you. There's no one in this world I trust more than her. When the time comes she'll tell you all about me. Don't give her too much of a hard time. Try not to be as stubborn as me.

I'm not going to lie, this is a pretty messed up world. It won't be easy. The thing you always have to remember is that,

life is worth living! Find your purpose and fight for it.

I see so much strength in you. I know you'll turn out to be the woman you're meant to be.

Forever... your loving mother

Anna

Make me proud, Ellie!

Note to Bob

Unknown

Bob,

I'm not leaving town without that safe, help Brad load it into the pickup. And in case you need to get in, the combination is

5-17-21

Note to Brother

Mark

Hey Brother,

We were so close. I'm sitting outside the walls knowing I'll never see the inside of the zone.

While waiting for the smuggler to show up, we heard a squad of soldiers approaching. In our panic, we ducked into this building in hopes of hiding from them. None of us noticed the spores until it was too late. We're all infected - we have a few hours, maybe a day at most. I hope the smuggler is still coming so that I can at least pass this note to you.

I should've listened to you and come to the zone with you when I had the chance. Now it's too late.

Take care.

-Mark

Note to Derek

Unknown

Derek at the bookstore is letting us use his safe. When you close tonight, put my stuff in there.

3-43-78

Note to Rachel

Eva

RACHEL,

Soldiers are going door to door forcing people onto the buses. I hear yelling a couple of buildings down - time's running out. I tried calling, waiting, I don't know what to do, but I can't wait anymore. I've thrown most of our stuff into a couple of suitcases. I'll be waiting for you in the quarantine zone. Come find me.

I'll see you soon!

-EZRA

Note to Staff

Unknown

To all staff -

The combination for the security safe for hotel guests' valuables has changed.
The new combination is 22-10-56.

Note to Wife

Graham

Lucia,

We made it to the Quarantine Zone. I wanted to call you but all the phone lines are down in this city. They told us they can deliver letters between the different zones, although it will probably take a week or two to reach you.

We're in good spirits. Hanna talks about you a lot—she really misses you. I'm surprised at the calmness and maturity she's shown throughout this craziness. I feel like I've been the emotional one. I find that she's comforting me most of the time.

We've raised her well.

I hope all is well on your side of the country. And I really hope to hear your voice soon.

Love,

Graham

Office Recorder

Unknown

We lost two more guards to infected attacks. They're about to go have another goddamn meeting about the safety of this lab. All of our equipment is here. All of our data is here. All the personnel have gotten used to living here. I'm gonna run another test... otherwise this incompetence will drive me insane.

Shipping Manifest

Unknown

Damn soldiers spotted one of our ships. I thought we were done for, but that Robert guy knew one of them. He managed to bribe them in return for letting us go. I guess he's good for something. The son of a bitch can talk. It did cost us a third of the cargo and I can't shake the feeling that we've been had. How the hell did they find us in that fog?

Anyways, here's what we managed to bring in:

2 crates of clothes (some new pairs of jeans!)

1 crate of toilet paper

2 crates of frozen meat (more Canadian Bison!)

1 crate of liquor

Smuggler Note

Unknown

Your contact is a dude named Frank - he's the guy on the outside I've been trading with. He wants into the Boston QZ. Meet him in the Part Street exit of the subway station (right by the capitol building.)

Attached is his Visa and QZ papers (you like that handiwork?).

Be careful down there. Some of my other guys are reporting Clickers and Stalkers in the area.

[Where the hell is this guy? I've been waiting here for over two hours sweating bullets. I keep thinking I'm seeing something move in the shadows. - feels like a stalker is going to jump out at me any second now. I'm giving him another 15 minutes and then I'm heading back.]

Snipers' Nest Log

Unknown

8/29

Nothing

[Didn't they say people were coming? What's the point of being out here if nothing happens?]

9/1

Still nothing

[Marc, quit your bitching. Plenty of time to read up here. Working guard duty on the Science Lab, that's true misery.]

9/14

5 new recruits from the Chicago Q.Z. IN

[Hah, finally. One of 'em gave me a pack of smokes for "doing a good job." Sweet!]

10/5

6 guys from H.Q. IN

[Takes 6 guys to deliver one truck? Must be worse out there than I remember.]

Supply delivery from H.Q. IN

[BTW, snagged two apples from one of the crates. Left you one, enjoy.]

10/31

10 million werewolves IN

[Let 'em in just for you, Andrea. Happy Halloween!]

11/5

Recon went to scavenge supplies from town. OUT

Recon returned. IN

[Roger yelled at me for sleeping... Prick.]

12/20

1 Scientist Biologist from San Francisco IN

[Guy's a real asshole. Watch out for him.]

3 new recruits as escort IN

[At least they wished me a Merry Xmas. Didn't feel like telling them I was Jewish.]

2/22

10 crates from UT hospital (lotta lab stuff) IN

4 veterans wrangling supplies. OUT

[Lot more mouths to feed with all those scientists]

3/4

2 veterans who left back in February. IN

supply dump from Dallas Q.Z. IN

[Holy shit! We got chicken! You better call me over as soon as they serve dinner.]

4/21

12 veterans to Boston Q.Z. OUT

[Wished 'em luck.]

6/12

3 doctors OUT

[No idea why they left...]

2 recruits OUT

[John said something about "scouting", but for what?]

8/20

4 10-ton trucks and a flatbed IN

1 personnel carrier truck IN

2 veteran drivers IN

4 recruit drivers IN

[New blond guy was giving me eyes. I hope he sticks around. BTW, what's with all the commotion? Is anyone going to tell us what's going on?]

Stash Note

Unknown

It goes down tonight. We're going to take the Eastern Checkpoint. I've stashed some extra supplies at the Regal Apartments. It's marked with a red X.

Student's Journal

Unknown

01/18

Nine goddamn months of waiting, and still, nothing. No word from anyone. Found some additional cans of food in the dining commons, but they won't last. Had an incident at the eastern hall barricade but everything's still secure.

01/31

I caught a glimpse of a group of those things running around. I saw one that looked like Heather. Maybe it was Heather.

Fuck...

02/10

Since batteries are running short, they're now only listening to their radio once a night. I gave up on that since the last broadcast—it's been three fucking months, why do they bother?

2/25

Cheryl was smoking out yesterday. Said she needed it. She got pissed when I threw out her stash. She doesn't get it. We need to keep a clear head here.

Someone's going to have to go into town and get more supplies. It's probably going to be me.

Surgeon's Recorder

Unknown

April 28th. Marlene was right. The girl's infection is like nothing I've ever seen. The cause of her immunity is uncertain. As we've seen in all past cases, the antigenic titers of the patient's Cordyceps remain high in both the serum and the cerebrospinal fluid. Blood cultures taken from the patient rapidly grow Cordyceps in fungal-media in the lab... however white blood cell lines, including percentages and absolute-counts, are completely normal. There is no elevation of pro-inflammatory cytokines, and an MRI of the brain shows no evidence of fungal-growth in the limbic regions, which would normally accompany the prodrome of aggression in infected patients.

We must find a way to replicate this state under laboratory conditions. We're about to hit a milestone in human history equal to the discovery of penicillin. After years of wandering in circles, we're about to come home, make a difference, and bring the human race back into control of its own destiny. All of our sacrifices and the hundreds of men and women who've bled for this cause, or worse, will not be in vain.

Tess' List

Tess

1/8

8 bottles of pills [Bill never sorts these bottles, gonna be up all night divvying them up...]

12 cans ham

8 cans beans

4 boxes of bandages

1 crate Canadian whiskey

10 boxes 20 gauge shells

4/1

1 bottle pills

3 cans sardines [No matter how much I starve, don't ever make me eat these.]

10 cans soup

7 packs beef jerky

6 boxes gauze

1 bottle morphine [Can you believe he found this? Way to go, Bill.]

9 boxes 9mm rounds

6/13

3 bags fertilizer

1 good bottle of Scotch [This one's ours, Joel!]

5 cans fruit

3 packs dried fruit

2 good flashlights

4 gas mask filters

1 Kevlar vest [This should fetch a good price.]

8/2

8 bottles of pills [Joel, don't forget, all of these bottles need to be delivered ASAP to Donovan in the West End district.]

2 boxes 9mm rounds

12 D Batteries

[I know what you're thinking: weak as shit delivery. Bill promised he'd do better next shipment.]

Tourists Manifest

Unknown

8/5

Shoes 4x

Jacket

Misc Clothing 6x

Tires 4x

Misc Medical 2x

Canteen

8/6

Shoes 2x

Misc Clothing 3x

Backpack

Canned Food 3x

Dried Food 4x

8/7

Shoes 4x

Jackets 2x

Misc Clothing 7x

Dried Food 2x

8/8

Nothing - everyone too busy chasing down that crazy chick.

Traitors Flyer

Unknown

THIS IS THE FATE OF ALL TRAITORS

EXECUTED

AIDING TRAITORS IS PUNISHABLE BY DEATH

THE PITTSBURGH BATTALION IS HERE TO KEEP YOU SAFE. WE
ARE ACTIVELY WORKING TO RESTORE ORDER TO THE
QUARANTINE ZONE

Trial Note

Unknown

We had a public trial after a bunch of teenagers from our group killed that family that wandered into our city. I was sure they'd be punished for breaking our code. Instead the boss deemed that they "procured supplies for the group." I couldn't believe my ears, and it didn't end there either. He then ordered that all of us take turns, hunting other survivors in the area and bringing their supplies back to the camp.

There was a long silence. We started walking away when...

Two members of the group started yelling, protesting the new law, saying he had no right to force this on us. That this isn't what we fought for. I didn't dare lift a finger as the only people to display any sort of morality were killed in front of all of us.

Next week is my turn to go hunting...

Truck Note

Unknown

We finished scouring the city for any survivors. There were a handful of soldiers hiding in the hotel - we took care of them.

A bunch of us raided their stockade - or what was left of it. Most of the big machines got fucked up in the fighting. We won't be riding on a tank any time soon. Likewise none of the heavy artillery is salvageable. The one exception is the humvee. We've managed to repair it - including the 50-cal mounted gun. This thing is impenetrable. I'd like to see someone fuck with us now.

Wall Panel Note

Unknown

We had to rig up the door to the generator upstairs. Please use it sparingly, as we're running out of gas.

Warning Note

Sergeant Winston Asher

Major Banks—

This will be my third request in as many weeks for additional patrols in my area. With the Hartford QZ falling apart, the city has been inundated with refugees - many of which are coming through the mall because of the lack of security over here.

These people are desperate and in most cases they enter the city infected. As you've seen from my reports I had to neutralize three stage ones just last week.

I realize resources are scarce, but if we don't get more security I'm afraid that this mall will get overrun in a matter of fuck!

Fuck fuck fuckitie fuck fuck!!!!!!!

You're not going to listen to a word of this!

Forever your lackey,

SGT Winston Asher